

1501/113.

I N S T R U C T I O N S

TO A

C E L E B R A T E D L A U R E A T ;

A L I A S

T H E P R O G R E S S O F C U R I O S I T Y ;

A L I A S

A B I R T H - D A Y O D E ;

A L I A S

M r . W H I T B R E A D ' s B R E W H O U S E .

By P E T E R P I N D A R , E s q .

Sic Transit Gloria Mundi! — OLD SUN-DIALS.

*From Houſe of Buckingham, in grand Parade,
To Whitbread's Brewhouſe mov'd the Cavalcade!*

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N .

L O N D O N .

Printed for G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, FLEET STREET.

MDCCLXXXVII.

Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE.

Entered at Stationers Hall.

A R G U M E N T.

PETER's loyalty---He suspecteth Mr. Warton of joking---Complimenteth the Poet Laureat---Peter differeth in opinion from Mr. Warton---Taket up the cudgels for KING EDWARD, KING HARRY V. and QUEEN BESS---Feats on Blackheath and Wimbledon performed by our most gracious Sovereign---King CHARLES the Second half damned by PETER, yet praised for keeping company with *gentlemen*---PETER praiseth *himself*---PETER reproved by Mr. WARTON---Desireth Mr. WARTON's prayers---A fine simile---PETER still suspecteth the Laureat of ironical dealings---PETER expostulateth with Mr. WARTON---Mr. WARTON replieth---PETER administereth bold advice---Wittily calleth death and physicians poachers---Praiseth the King for parental tenderness---PETER maketh a natural *simile*---PETER furthermore telleth THOMAS WARTON *what to say*---PETER giveth a beautiful example of Ode-writing.

THE CONTENTS OF THE ODE.

His Majesty's love for the arts and sciences even in quadrupeds---His resolution to know the history of brewing beer---BILLY RAMUS sent ambassador to Chifwell Street---Interview between Messrs. Ramus and Whitbread---Mr. Whitbread's bow and compliments to Majesty---Mr. Ramus's return from his embassy---Mr. Whitbread's terrors described to Majesty by Mr. Ramus---The King's pleasure thereat---Description of people of worship---Account of the Whitbread preparation---The royal cavalcade to Chifwell Street---The arrival at the brewhouse---Great joy of Mr. Whitbread---His Majesty's nod, the Queen's dip, and a number of questions---A West India *simile*---The marvellings of the draymen described---His Majesty peepeth into a pump---Beautifully compared to a magpie peeping into a marrow-bone---The *minute* curiosity of the King---Mr. Whitbread endeavoureth to surprize Majesty---His Majesty puzzleth Mr. Whitbread---Mr. Whitbread's horse expresseth wonder---Also Mr. Whitbread's dog---His Majesty maketh laudable enquiry about porter---Again puzzleth Mr. Whitbread---The King noteth *notable* things---Profound Questions

A R C H I V E

tions proposed by Majesty---As profoundly answered by Mr. Whitbread---Majesty in a mistake---Corrected by the brewer---A nose *simile*---Majesty's admiration of the bell---Good manners of the bell---Fine appearance of Mr. Whitbread's pigs---Majesty proposeth questions, but benevolently waiteth not for answers---Peter telleth the duty of Kings---Discovereth one of his shrewd maxims---Sublime *simile* of a water-spout and a King---The great use of asking questions---The habitation of Truth---The collation---The wonders performed by the royal visitors---Majesty proposeth to take leave---Offereth knighthood to Mr. Whitbread---Mr. Whitbread's objections---The King runneth a rig on his host---Mr. Whitbread thanketh Majesty---Miss Whitbread curtsieth---The Queen dippeth---The cavalcade departeth.

Peter triumpheth---Admonisheth the Laureat---Peter *croweth* over the Laureat---Discovereth deep knowledge of Kings, and surgeons, and men who have lost their legs---Peter reasoneth---Vaunteth---Even insulteth the Laureat---Peter proclaimeth his peaceable disposition---Praiseth Majesty, and concludeth with a prayer for *curious* KINGS.



INSTRUC-

[1]

INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

TOM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy *golden lyre*,

Thy brother Peter's muse is all on fire,

To sing of Kings and Queens, and such rare folk;

Yet midst thy heap of compliments so fine,

Say, may we venture to believe a line?

You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

B

Son

[2]

Son of the NINE thou writest well on *nought* —

Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,

I think must put a *dog* into a laugh:

EDWARD, and HARRY, were much braver men

Than this new christ'ned hero of thy pen;

Yes, laurell'd ODEMAN, braver far, by half.

Tho' on Blackheath, and Wimbledon's wide plain,

GEORGE keeps his hat off in a shower of rain;

Sees fwords and bayonets without a dread,

Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head.

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,

And leaves at fix o'clock his downy nest,



Dead

Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, or bolsters;

Unlike his officers, who fond of cramming,

And at reviews, afraid of thirst and famine,

With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holsters.

Sure Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess,

His present Majesty, whom heav'n long bless

With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality

Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche

As that old queen, tho' often call'd old b--ch,

In Fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles---that King

Indeed was never any mighty thing---

He

He merited few honours from the pen ---

And yet he was a dev'lish hearty fellow,

Enjoy'd his girl and bottle---and got mellow ---

And *mind*---kept company with *GENTLEMEN*.

For like some kings, in hobby grooms,

Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,

Loft to all glory, Charles did not delight ---

Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant maids,

Large, red poll'd, blowzy, hard two-handed *jades* :

Indeed I know not what Charles did by *night*.

Reader, I am of candour a great lover,

In short, I'm candour's self all over ;

Sweet

Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe,

Make it a rule that Virtue shall be prais'd,

And humble Merit from her bum be rais'd:

What thinkest thou of Peter now?

Thou criest "Oh! how false! behold thy King,

"Of whom thou scarcely say'st a *handsome* thing;

"That King hath virtues that should make thee *stare*."

Is it so?---then the sin's in *me*---

'Tis my vile optics that can't see---

Then pray for them when next thou say'st a pray'r.

But p'rhaps aloft on his imperial throne,

So distant, O ye gods! from ev'ry one;

The royal virtues are, like many a star,*
 From this our pigmy system rather far;
 Whose light tho' flying ever since creation,
 Hath not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

Then may the royal ray be soon explor'd—
 And, Thomas, if thou'lt swear thou art not humming,
 I'll take my spying-glass, and bring thee word
 The instant I behold it coming.

But Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy Sov'reign smoking?

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer Huygens.

How can't thou seriously declare

That George the Third

With Cressy's Edward can compare,

Or Harry?---'tis too bad upon my word.

George is a clever King, I needs must own,

And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaimst "G-d rot it, Peter, pray,

What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee *what* to say, O tuneful Tom---

Sing how a monarch, when his son was dying,

His gracious eyes and ears was edifying,

By Abbey company, and kettle drum:

Leaving

Leaving that son to death and the physician,
 Between two fires---a forlorn-hope condition;
 Two poachers, who make man their game,
 And special marksmen! seldom miss their aim.

Say tho' the Monarch did not see his son,

He kept aloof through fatherly affection---

Determin'd nothing should be done

To bring on useless tears and dismal recollection.

For what can tears avail, and piteous sighs?

Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes:

And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,

That show the leakyness of feeble nature!

Reader,

Reader, thou'lt with my *smile* not quarrel :

Like air and any fort of drink,

Whizzing and oozing through each chink,

That prove the weakness of the barrel.

Say-- for the PRINCE, when wet was ev'ry eye,

And thousands pour'd to heav'n the pitying sigh

Devout ;

Say how a KING unable to dissemble,

Order'd the SIDDONS to his house, and KEMBLE,

To *spout* :

Gave them ice creams and wines, so dear! —

Who ne'er could get till *then*, a thimblefull of *beer* —

D

For

For *which* they've thank'd the author of this metre,

Videlicet, the moral mender PETER,

Who in his ODE on ODE did dare exclaim,

And call such royal avarice, a shame.

Say---but I'll teach thee *how* to *say* an ode,

Thus shall thy labours visit FAME's abode

In company with my immortal lay---

And look, Tom---thus I fire away---

BIRTH-

B I R T H - D A Y O D E .

THIS day, this very day gave birth

Not to the *brightest* monarch upon earth,

Because there are some brighter, and as big---

Who loves the arts that man exalt to heav'n---

George loves them likewise when they're giv'n

To four-legg'd gentry, christ'ned dog and pig,*

Whose acts in this our unenlight'ned nation

Have much improv'd the British education.

* The dancing dogs and wife pig have formed a considerable part of the royal amusement.

Full of the art of brewing beer,

The monarch heard of Mr. WHITBREAD's fame.

Quoth he one day unto the Queen, " My dear,

" Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name;

" Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen;"

Thus said the KING unto the QUEEN.

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,

To Mr. WHITBREAD forth he sent a page,

To say that MAJESTY propos'd to view,

With thirst of knowledge deep inflam'd,

His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogheads fam'd,

And learn the noble secret how to brew.

Of such unthought of honour, proud,
 Most lowly Mr. WHITBREAD bow'd;
 So *humbly*, so the humble story goes,
 He touch'd ev'n *terra firma* with his nose;
 Then said unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
 Happy are we that our great KING should name us
 As worthy unto Majesty to shew,
 How very dext'rously we brew.

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought:

To Majesty the welcome tidings brought;

Then told how WHITBREAD star'd like any stake,
 And trembled --- then the civil things he said —

On which the King did smile and nod his head;

For Monarchs love to see their subjects quake:

Such horrors unto Kings most pleasant are,

Proclaiming rev'rence and humility —

High thoughts too all those shaking fits declare

Of kingly grandeur and great capability!

People of worship, wealth, and birth,

Look on the humbler sons of earth,

Indeed in a most humble light, God knows!

High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,

Where ships below appear like little skiffs,

The people walking on the strand, like *crows*.

MUSE, sing the fit that Mr. Whitbread made

Poor gentleman, most terribly afraid

He

He should not tharm enough his guests *divine* :

His *maids* had all new aprons, gowns, and smocks ;

And lo ! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks

To make th' apprentices and draymen *fine* :

Busy as horses in a field of clover,

Dogs, cats, and chairs and stools were tumbled over

Amidst the Whitbread-rout of preparation

To treat the lofty RULER of the nation.

Now mov'd KING, QUEEN, and PRINCESSES so grand,

To visit the first brewer in the land---

Who sometimes drank his beer and munch'd his meat

In a snug corner christen'd Chiswell Street.

Lord

Lord AYLESBURY, and DENBIGH'S Lord *also*,

His Grace the Duke of MONTAGUE *likewise*,

With Lady HARCOURT join'd the *raree-show*,

And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes---

For lo! a greater show ne'er grac'd those *quarters*,

Since MARY roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grinn'd and gave a nod

To Mr. Whitbread, who had God

Come with his angels, to behold his beer;

With more respect he never could have met---

Indeed the man was in a sweat,

So much the BREWER did the KING revere.

Her

Her MAJESTY contriv'd to make a *dip*---

Light as a feather then the KING did skip,

And ask'd a thousand questions, with a laugh,

Before poor WHITBREAD well could answer half.

Reader! my Ode should have a *simile* —

Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,

Five hundred parrots, gabling just like Jews,

I saw---such noise the feather'd imps did make

As made my *pericranium* ache---

Asking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouse fill'd with gabling noise,

Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,

Did eat the questions which the King did ask :

In diff'rent parties, were they staring seen,

Wond'ring to think they saw a King and Queen ;

Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forc'd themselves (a pretty luncheon)

Into the mouths of many a gaping puncheon,

And through the bung-hole wink'd with curious eye,

To view, and be assur'd what sort of things

Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings ;

For whose most lofty station thousands fight !

And lo ! of all the gaping puncheon clan,

Few were the mouths that had not got a man !

Now

Now Majesty into a pump so deep
 Did with an opera glass of DOLLAND peep,
 Examining with care each wond'rous matter
 That brought up water—

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
 A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
 A bird for curiosity well known,
 With head awry,
 And cunning eye,
 Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious M-----y did stoop
 To count the nails on ev'ry hoop:

And

And lo! no fingle thing came in his way

That full of deep research, he did not fay.

“ What’s this? hæ hæ? what’s that? what’s this? what’s that?”

So quick the words too, when he deign’d to speak,

As if each fyllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,

Our SOVEREIGN peeps into the world of *small* :

Thus microscopic geniufes explore

Things that too oft provoke the public fcorn,

Yet swell of useful knowledges the ftore,

By finding fyftems in a pepper-corn.

Now

Now Mr. Whitbread, ferious, did declare,
 To make the Majesty of England stare,
 That he had butts enough, he knew,
 Plac'd fide by fide, would reach along to Kew:

On which the KING with wonder swiftly cry'd,
 "What? if they reach to Kew then, fide by fide,

"What would they do plac'd end to end?"

To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
 The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,

Almost to Windsor that they would extend;
 On which the KING, with *wond'ring* mien,
 Repeated it unto the *wond'ring* QUEEN:

On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
 The brewer's horse with face astonish'd neigh'd;
 The brewer's dog too pour'd a note of thunder,
 Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the KING for other beers enquire,
 For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire—
 And after talking of these diff'rent beers,
 Ask'd Whitbread if *his* porter equall'd *theirs*?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
 Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
 A kind of question to the Man of Cask
 That not ev'n SOLOMON himself would ask.

Now

Now MAJESTY alive to knowledge, took

A very pretty memorandum book,

With gilded leaves of asses skin so white,

And in it *legibly* began to write---

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates

For roasting chefnuts or potatoes.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer---

Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quære.

Quære.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell---

Would not horse aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer---

'Twill save us sev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.---To remember to forget to ask

Old Whitbread to my house one day---

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,

The brewer offer'd me, away.

Now

Now having pencill'd his remarks so *sbrew'd*---

Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin,

His MAJESTY his watch most sagely view'd,

And then put up his asses skin.

To Whitbread now deign'd MAJESTY to say,

"Whitbread, are all your horses fond of *hay*?"

"Yes, please your MAJESTY," in humble notes,

The brewer answer'd---"also, Sir, of *oats*."

"Another thing my horses too maintains--

"And that, an't please your MAJESTY, are *grains*."

"Grains? grains?" said MAJESTY, "to fill their crops?"

"Grains? grains?--that come from hops--yes hops, hops, hops."

Here was the KING like hounds sometimes, *at fault* ---

“ SIRE,” cry’d the humble brewer, “ give me leave

“ Your sacred MAJESTY to undeceive,

“ Grains, SIRE, are never made from *bops*, but *malt*.

“ True,” said the cautious MONARCH, with a smile:

“ From malt, malt, malt---I meant malt all the while.”

“ Yes,” with the sweetest bow, rejoin’d the brewer,

“ An’t please your MAJESTY, you did I’m sure.”

“ Yes,” answer’d MAJESTY, with quick reply,

“ I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.”

Reader, whene’er thou dost espy a nose

That bright with many a ruby glows;

That

That nose thou may'st pronounce, nay safely swear,
Was nurs'd on something better than *small beer*.

Thus when thou findest **KINGS** in brewing, wife—
In Nat'ral Hist'ry holding lofty station;
Thou may'st conclude with marv'ling eyes,
Such **KINGS** have had a *goodly* education—

Now did the **KING** admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine:
On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And

And now before their SOVEREIGN'S curious eye,

Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,

All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,

Appear'd the brewer's tribe of handsome pigs:

On which th' observant Man who fills a Throne,

Declar'd the pigs were vastly like *his own*.

Now did his MAJESTY so gracious say

To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way,

“ Whitbread d'ye *nick* th' Exciseman now and then?

“ Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?

“ Hæ? what? Miss Whitbread's still a maid, a maid?

“ What what's the matter with the men?

“ D'ye

" D'ye hunt?---hæ hunt? No, no, you are too *old*—

" You'll be Lord May'r---Lord May'r one day ---

" Yes, yes, I've heard so ---yes, yes, so I'm told:

" Don't don't the fine for Sheriff pay---

" I'll prick you ev'ry year man, I declare:

" Yes Whitbread---yes, yes---you shall be Lord May'r.

" Whitbread, d'ye *keep* a coach or *job* one pray?

" Job, job, that's cheapest---yes that's best, that's best ---

" You put your liv'ries on your draymen---hæ?

" Hæ, Whitbread?---You have feather'd well your nest.

" What is the price now, hæ, of all your stock?

" But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray what's o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward said, "May I be curst

"If I know what to answer *first*."

Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye---

But e'er the Man of Malt an answer found,

Quick on his heel, lo, MAJESTY turn'd round,

Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the pleasure of reply.

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong---

From curiosity doth wisdom flow:

For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,

The more a man *enquires*, the more he'll *know*.

Reader, didst ever see a water-spout?

'Tis possible that thou wilt answer "No."

Well

Well then! he makes a most infernal rout:

Sucks like an elephant the waves below

With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,

As if he meant to drink the ocean *dry*:

At length *so full* he can't hold one drop more---

He bursts---down rush the waters with a roar.

Thus have I seen a MONARCH at reviews

Suck from the tribe of officers the news,

Then bear in triumph off each *wond'rous* matter,

And soufe it on the QUEEN with *such a clatter*!

I always would advise folks to ask questions---

For truly, questions are the keys of knowledge:

Soldiers

Soldiers---that forage for the MIND's digestions---

Cut figures at th' OLD BAILEY, and at COLLEGE:

Make Chancellors, Chief Justices, and Judges,

Ev'n of the *lowest* green-bag drudges.

The Sages say DAME TRUTH delights to dwell,

Strange mansion! in the bottom of a Well---

Questions are then the windlafs and the rope

That pull the grave OLD GENTLEWOMAN up.

Damn* jokes then, and unmannerly suggestions,

Reflecting upon Kings for asking Questions.

* This alludes to the late Dr. JOHNSON's laugh on a Great Personage, for a laudable curiosity in the Queen's Library, some years since.

Now

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
 On nails, hoops, staves, pumps, barrels and their bungs,
 The KING and Co. sat down to a collation,
 Of flesh, and fish, and fowl of ev'ry nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
 That merc'less fell like tomyhawks to work,
 And fearless scalp'd the fowl, the fish, and cattle,
 Whilst Whitbread, in the rear beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring MONARCH stopping to take breath
 Amidst the regiments of death,

Now turn'd to Whitbread with complacence round,
 And merry thus address'd the Man of Beer ---

" Whitbread, is't true? is't true? I hear, I hear

" You're of an ancient family---renown'd---

" What? what? I'm told that you're a limb

" Of PYM, the famous fellow PYM:

" What, Whitbread, is it true what people say?

" Son of a Round-head are you? hæ? hæ? hæ?

" I'm told that you fend Bibles to your votes---

" A snuffing round-headed society---

" Pray'r books instead of cash to buy them coats---

" Bunyans, and Practices of Piety:

" Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare

" Rather see cash---yes, yes---than books of pray'r.

" Thirtieth

" Thirtieth of January don't you *feed*?

" Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head."

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,

Whole hofts o'erturn'd---and seiz'd on all supplies,

The royal visitors exprefs'd a wish

To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes.

But first the MONARCH so polite,

Ask'd Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a *Knight* ---

Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,

Whitbread contemplated the Knights of PEG,

Then to his generous SOV'REIGN made a leg,

And said " He was afraid he was *too old*."

" He

" He thank'd however his most gracious KING,

" For offering to make him *such a THING*."

But ah! a diff'rent reason 'twas I fear!

It was not age that bade the Man of beer

The proffer'd honour of the MONARCH shun:

The tale of MARG'RET'S knife, and royal fright,

Had almost made him damn the *name* of Knight:

A tale that farrow'd such a world of fun.

He mock'd the pray'r* too, by the KING appointed,

Ev'n by *himself*, the LORD'S ANOINTED ---

* For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a small knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to view.

A foe to *fast* too, is he let me tell ye,
 And, tho' a Presbyterian, cannot think
 Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)
 Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

Now from the table with Cæsarean air
 Up rose the MONARCH with his laurell'd brow,
 When Mr. Whitbread, waiting on his chair,
 Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow.

Miss Whitbread now so thick her curtsies drops,
 Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops,
 Which hoplike curtsies were return'd by dips
 That never hurt the royal knees and hips;

For hips and knees of QUEENS are sacred things
 That only bend on gala days
 Before the best of Kings,
 When odes of triumph found his praise.

Now thro' a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,
 Proceeding some from *bir'd* and *unbir'd* jaws,
 The raree-show thought proper to retire;
 Whilst Mr. Whitbread and his daughter fair
 Survey'd all Chifwell Street with lofty air,
 For lo! they felt themselves some six feet higher!

Such

Such, Thomas, is the way to write!

Thus should'st thou Birth-day Song indite:

Then stick to earth, and leave the lofty skie,

No more of ti tum tum, and ti tum ti.

Thus should an honest LAUREAT write of Kings—

Not praise them for imaginary things:

I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme

Call ev'ry KING a character sublime;

For Conscience will not suffer me to wander

So very widely from the paths of Candour.

I know full well some Kings are to be seen,*

To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,

Should

* Foreign Kings.

Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains*—
 I won't say that they *never* brain possess'd—
 They *may* have been with such a present bless'd,
 And therefore fancy that some *still* remains :

 For ev'ry well-experienc'd surgeon knows
 That men who with their *legs* have parted,
 Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,
 And often at the twinges *started*;
 Then *stared* upon their oaken stumps, in vain!
 Fancying the toes were all come back again.

 If men then, who their *absent* *toes* have mourn'd,
 Can fancy those same toes at times return'd ;

So

So Kings, in matters of *intelligences*,

May fancy they have stumbled on their *senses*.

Yes, Tom--- mine is the way of writing Ode---

Why lifest thou thy pious eyes to God?

Strange disappointment in thy looks I read;

And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,

“ Is this an action, PETER? this a deed

“ To raise a MONARCH to the sky?

“ Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng,

Rare things to figure in the Muse's song!”

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels

On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps, and barrels---

M

Far

Far from the dove-like PETER be such strife!
 But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact,
 Thy CÆSAR never did an act
 More wise, more glorious, in his life.
 Now God preserve all wonder-hunting KINGS,
 Whether at Windsor, Buckingham or Kew-house;
 And may they never do more foolish things
 Than visiting SAM WHITEBREAD and his brew-house.



F I N I S.

A COMPLETE LIST of the PRODUCTIONS of
PETER PINDAR, Esq.

Any of which may be had of G. KEARSLEY, at JOHNSON's
HEAD, No. 46, in FLEET STREET.

A POETICAL, supplicating, EPISTLE to the REVIEWERS, a new Edition,
Price One Shilling.

LYRIC ODES to the ROYAL ACADEMICIANS, for 1782, Fifth Edition,
Price Two Shillings.

Ditto for 1783, Third Edition, Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

Ditto for 1785, a new Edition, Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

FAREWEL ODES, 1786, Third Edition, Price Three Shillings.

THE LOUSIAD, Canto I. Seventh Edition, Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

Canto II. Third Edition, Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

CONGRATULATORY EPISTLE to JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. Third Edition,
Price Two Shillings.

BOZZY and PIOZZI, a Town Eclogue, Fifth Edition, Price Three Shillings.

ODE upon ODE, or a PEEP at St. JAMES's, Sixth Edition, Price Three
Shillings.

An APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT to ODE upon ODE, Price One Shilling
and Sixpence.

INSTRUCTIONS to a certain POET LAUREAT, Price Two Shillings and
Sixpence.

* * A Third Canto of the LOUSIAD is preparing for the Press.

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE PRODUCTIONS OF PETER PINDAR.

Any of which may be had of G. KNEARLEY, at JOHNSON'S
HEAD, No. 4, in LIVER STREET.

A POETICAL, representing EPIGRAMS, as the NEW EDITION, a new Edition,
Price One Shilling.

LYRIC ODES to the ROYAL ACADEMY, for 1782, TWO EDITIONS,
Price Two Shillings.



Ditto for 1783, Third Edition, Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

Ditto for 1785, a new Edition, Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

FAREWELL ODES, 1786, Third Edition, Price Three Shillings.

THE LOUSAD, Canto I. Seventh Edition, Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

Canto II. Third Edition, Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.

CONGRATULATORY EPIGRAMS to JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. Third Edition,
Price Two Shillings.

HONEY and PLOZZI, a Town Ballad, Price Three Shillings.

ODE upon ODE, or a PEEP at ST. JAMES'S, Sixth Edition, Price Three
Shillings.

AN APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT to ODE upon ODE, Price One Shilling
and Sixpence.

INSTRUCTIONS to a certain POET LAUREAT, Price Two Shillings and
Sixpence.

* * A Third Canto of the LOUSAD is preparing for the Press.

